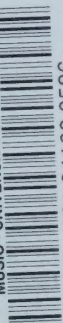


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Leke Holmes

John Ireland

69/2

Songs

to poems by
Thomas Hardy

I Summer Schemes

No. 1 in G
2 in A^b *

II HER SONG (in F)

III WEATHERS (in C)

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SUMMER SCHEMES

When friendly summer calls again,
 Calls again
Her little fifiers to these hills,
We'll go— we two— to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
With quavers, minims, shakes and trills.
 "—We'll go," I sing; but who shall
 say
 What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,
 Waters spring
From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
And ferns not quite but almost drown.
 "—We shall," I say; but who may
 sing
 Of what another morn will bring!

Thomas Hardy

*John 2/1/1910
M. M. M. M. M.*

I SUMMER SCHEMES

Poem by
THOMAS HARDY
By kind Permission of
Messrs. MacMillan & Co

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

Comodo ($\text{♩} = 66$)

VOICE

PIANO *p*

When

friend - ly sum - mer calls a - gain, —

p

Red *

Calls a - gain Her lit - tle fif - ers to these

hills, We'll go - we two - to

poco cresc.

that arched fane Of leaf - age where they

mf

prime their bills Be - fore they start to

flood the plain With quav - ers, minims, shakes, and

poco f

trills. "—We'll go," I sing;

dim. *mf*

5 3 2 1

but who shall say What may not chance be-fore that day!

p

And

we shall see the wat - ers spring, —

p

Wa - ters spring — From chinks the scrub - by cops - es

cresc.

tenuto.....

crown; And we shall trace their on — creeping To

mf tenuto.....

where the cas - cade tum - bles down And

p poco cresc.

sends the bobbing growths a-swing, And ferns not quite but al - most

mf *dim.*

Ped *

drown. "—We shall," I say;

mp *mf*

but who may sing Of what an -

mf

- o - ther moon will bring!

ppp

p

poco rit.

ppp

Ad * *Ad* *

HER SONG

I sang that song on Sunday,
 To witch an idle while,
I sang that song on Monday,
 As fittest to beguile;
I sang it as the year out-wore,
 And the new slid in;
I thought not what might shape before
 Another would begin.

I sang that song in summer,
 All unforeknowingly,
To him as a new-comer
 From regions strange to me:
I sang it when in afteryears
 The shades stretched out,
And paths were faint; and flocking fears
 Brought cup-eyed care and doubt.

Sings he that song on Sundays
 In some dim land afar,
On Saturdays, or Mondays,
 As when the evening star
Glimpsed in upon his bending face
 And my hanging hair,
And time untouched me with a trace
 Of soul-smart or despair?

Thomas Hardy

II

HER SONG

Poem by
THOMAS HARDY
By kind Permission of
Messrs. MacMillan & Co

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

Rather slowly ($\text{♩} = 60$)

VOICE

I sang that song on Sun-day, To

PIANO

mf

p

ped *

witch an i - dle while, I sang that song on Mon-day, As

poco cresc.

ped *

fit - test to be-guile; I sang it as the year out-wore, And the

dim.

new — slid in; I thought not what might shape be-fore An -

p

- oth - er would be - gin. I

pp

Ed

*

sang that song in sum - mer, All un - fore - know - ing - ly, To

mf

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "sang that song in sum - mer, All un - fore - know - ing - ly, To". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

him as a new - com - er From re - gions strange to me: I

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "him as a new - com - er From re - gions strange to me: I". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 4/4.

sang it when in af - ter-years The shades stretched out, And

dim.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "sang it when in af - ter-years The shades stretched out, And". The piano accompaniment features a decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic marking. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 4/4.

paths were faint; and flock-ing fears Brought cup-eyed care and

p *mf dim.*

doubt. Sings he that song on Sundays In

pp *pp*

some dim land a-far, On Satur-days, or Mon-days, As

cresc. *cresc.*

(broaden the time)

when the evening star Glimpsed in up-on his bend-ing face And

f

(broaden the time)

f sost. *dim.*

a little slower

my hang-ing hair, And time untouched me with a trace Of

pp *p*

soul - smart or des - pair?

ppp

WEATHERS

This is the weather the cuckoo likes
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut
spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his
best,
And they sit outside at "The Travellers'
Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

Thomas Hardy

WEATHERS

Poem by
THOMAS HARDY

By kind Permission of
Messrs MacMillan & Co

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

Allegretto pastorale ($\text{♩} = 69-72$)

VOICE

PIANO

mf (with lilt)

dim.

p

Red

** (Con Red)*

Red

This is the wea-ther the cuck-oo likes. And so do I; ——— When

show'rs be tum.ble the chest - nut spikes, And nest - lings

poco cresc.

fly: ————— And the lit - tle brown night - in - gale

mf

bills his best, And they sit out - side at The "Trav - el - lers"

Rest," And maids come forth sprig - mus - lin drest, And cit - i - zens

p

dream of the south and west,

mf *dim.*

And so do I.

Ped. *

dim.

p

This is the weather the shepherd shuns, — And so do I —

When beech - es drip in browns and

duns, — And thresh, and ply; —

And hill - hid tides throb, throe on throe, And

mead - ow riv - u - lets o - ver - flow, And drops on gate - bars

dim.

hang in a row, — And rooks in fam - il - ies home - ward go, —

p

And so — do I. —

p

più p

dim.

pp

II

HER SONG

Poem by
THOMAS HARDY

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

Rather slowly ($\text{♩} = 60$)

VOICE

I sang that song on Sun-day, To

PIANO

mf *p*

Red *

witch an i - dle while, I sang that song on Mon-day, As

poco cresc.

Red *

M Ireland, John
1621 [Songs (1925)]
I74S65 Songs to poems

Music

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